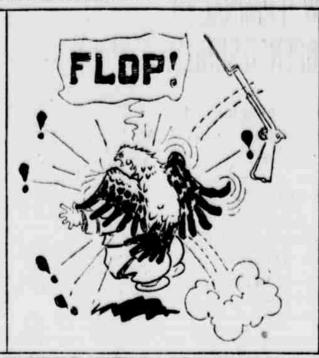
"S'Matter, Pop?" * By C. M. Payne

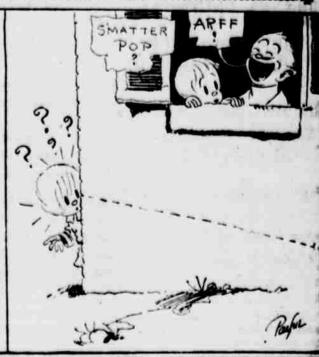


It Can't Be Done!



Copyright, 1913,
The Press Publishing Co.
(The New York Evening World.)



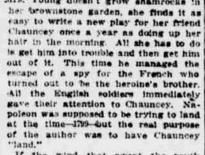




E no sooner lifts his voice ('tis all he has, poor lad!) than she turns with a grateful clasp of the hands and says, "Your voice lifts my spirit out of bottomless well." Now a voice that can do that could get a rise out of a

But Chauncey Olcott did more than that at the Grand Opera House last night. He brought down the niggest house I've seen in many a night by singing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," not from the top of his lungs but from the bottom of his hee-ar-ar-t. He not only put a great deal of heart into the song but he got lots of heart out of it. No heart has ever been broken into more syllables-and every syllable a throb, mind you! His voice was as fresh as though it had just come back from the cleaner's, while he himself looked young enough to be his own nephew. He couldn't have cut more boylsh capers if he had been coming home from school. But the real test came with his first song, and he stood it easily. "Go on, Chauncey!" shouted a strong-lunged admirer from Row T the ent he had finished, and on he went, with the lovely heroine sitting by waiting to interest him in the plot of the play.

And true as you're sitting there it was an Irish play by Rida Johnson Young railed "The Isle o' Dreams." Though Mrs. Young doesn't grow shamrocks in



If the wind that awent the south coast of Ireland in the first act sounded like a giant sporing, everybody knew there would be music in the air as soon as the singing hero could get around to it. Even when the English were hunting for him in the second act he stood on a cliff and sang "The Isle of Dreams," because, you see, that's where this particular song belonged. The soldiers could walt, but the song couldn't. And so it went until the brave singer was handcuffed and in a fair way to have his !

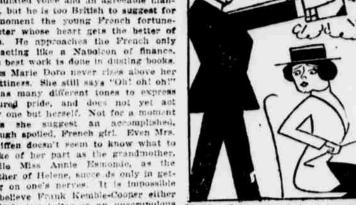
Chauncey Olcott. voice choked off with a rope. The third art was so slow that we began to desair, but release and another song came at last, so that not only irish eyes



ere smiling when Chauncey Olcot; came into his own as "the younges "The New Secretary" Silly.

A at the Lyceum Theatre the better it will be for all concerned. In taking this inane comedy from the French, Cosmo Gordon Lennox has handed us a dramatic caramel that even sweet aixteeners may pass on to their little sisters The story of the poor secretary who humbles the proud daughter of an incompetent millionaire after teaching her father a lessen in business can be com mended only to the primer class that occasionally makes the theatre resem-

ble the kindergarten. It is rather amusing to see Churles Cherry square his shoulders and tackle the part of the secretary as if it were a man's job. He has polse, a wellmodulated voice and an agreeable manner, but he is too British to suggest for a moment the young French fortunehunter whose heart gets the better of him. He approaches the French only in acting like a Napoleon of finance. His best work is done in dusting books, Miss Marie Doro never rises above her prettiners. She still says "Oh! oh! oh!" in as many different tones to express injured pride, and does not yet act any one but herself. Not for a moment does she suggest an accomplished, though spotled, French girl. Even Mrs. Whiffen doesn't seem to know what to make of her part as the grandmother, while Miss Annie Esmonde, as the mother of Helene, since ds only in getting on one's nerves. It is impossible to believe Frank Kemble-Cooper either



a designing sultor or an unsernpulous Charles Cherry as Robert Levaltier, business man. Claude Gillingwater is Marie Doro as Helene. supposed to be a great French sculptor.

Supposed to be a great French sculptor, supposed to be a great French sculptor, but he is just "plain Yank." The only real characterization is that achieved by Ferdinand Gottschulk as a clever old schemer with a nervous twitching of the face that gives him the appearance of winking. Mr. Gottschalk's wink might be taken as a silent criticism of the stupid little play.

New Gold Found. F ROM creek bottoms long abandoned by miners as profitless, modern machinery is now beginning to expenditure the person of Nishapur, machinery is now beginning to ex-tract fresh millions in gold. In the re- where Omar Khayyam was born and gion of Boise basis, where Idaho City illes buried. The mines are situated in once botated tidrty thousand inhabit- a range of mountains rising to the height anis, two big electrically driven dredges of 6.55 feet. The highest point at which are accoping up and and graves and pouring to through a chute which holds pouring it through a chute which holds particles of gold that would not fine particles of gold that would not fine particles of gold that would not stay in the pans of the nitness. Builton stay in the pans of the nitness. Builton stay in the pans of the nitness. Builton the amount will be shipped to the particles of gold was the operations grow, increased as the operations grow. In the capital state of the particles of the particles of gold was taken out of the Persians who operate in fibe height of its posperity about in gold was taken out of the various ereck bottoms. The numbers and pulleys are used in the continued of the particles of the continue of a baby in gladders and pulleys are used in the gold was taken out of the various person between the proof of the fibe height of its posperity about in fibe height of its are accoping up sand and gravel and turquolees have been found is 5,800 feet

"Turquoise Altitudes."





"Don't you think the rest cure would do your husband some good?" "Oh, my, no! If that were any good he would have been cured long ago."

Some of the Good Stories of the Day

Not Like Any Story You Have Bead TARZAN OF THE APES

By Edgar Rice Burroughs. The Romance of a Jungle Man and a Yankee Girl.

SYNOPSIS OF CHRICEDING CHAPTERS.

Jobe Clayton, Lord Greystoke, is narrouned with Allor, bir roung wife, on the wildest jart of the African count. Lord shows in the jungle, Clayton and Alice bealt a risks but. There their like a on the born. Alice dies. A beant of ages, led by their King, Kerchak, invade the cabla and kill (Tayton, An age named Kall, whose wan off spring has just been killed, adopte Girton's help as a Taytan' White Salto'. He grows to be borned. Wandering one day Taytan comes to the cases at Taytan' White Salto'. He grows to beorined. Wandering one day Taytan comes to the cases at the room's strange contents. Among other chims he discovers a louting knite. This he need at the room's strange contents. Among other chims he discovers a louting knite. This he need to room a strange contents. Among other chims he discovers a louting knite. This he need to room a strange contents. Labistantials included a compact of the research of part and a first teach theseef to read and to print. Tarran at last becomes king of the age trife. Thing of the relevable, he leaves the prite and grees in the these of the lour of his knut; vanishing and affires it to the chor of his knut; vanishing and affires it to the chor of his knut; vanishing before the anangers arrive there. They read the retained work on the there was intended for the content of his knut; vanishing before the anangers arrive tince. They read the retained work on the there was intended for the content of his knut; vanishing before the anangers arrive tince. They read the watching us." he answered. "I wonder, now, who that spear was intended for the content of the co SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

His Own Kind.

whiles do you make of it. Frof. Porter and post of the common of the prof. Archimedias Q. Porter adjusted his apscine. General year, indeed—most remarkable, most remarkable: I can add nothing further to what I have already remarked in elucidation of this remarkable; and the professor turned slowly in the direction of the jungle.

Tirrection the darfy old bounder don't remarked the professor turned slowly in the direction of the jungle.

Tirrection the darfy old bounder don't remarked the professor turned slowly in the professor turned slowly in the professor turned slowly in your power.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head," "Taw we may a control to the professor turned to the professor and rebbed us. We are absolutely in your power but, as help me, youtil rewest of I'll break that neck of yours with my bere hands—gone or no gam."

The young fellow stepped so close to the real-faced salior, but we land, and the professor to the real-faced salior, but he healtand. "You coward!" o're had not a man until his back was turned. You don't dare shoot me even them."

He turned his back hall upon the House of the party had yet guested would enter so largely into the but of one of his revolvers; his wicked every move of the party from the foliates of nearly tree, but the notice, and while he could understand nothing of the spokes insurance of these arrange people, their gestures and facular asymptotic hall under the buttled one of the could understand nothing of the spokes insurance of these arrange people, their gestures and facular asymptotic in the tirtle and the party had yet guested would enter so largely into the buttled one of the party from the foliates of nearly tree, but the could enter so largely into the buttled one of the party from the foliate of the power of the party from the foliate of the sound of the party from the foliate of the sound of the party had yet guested would enter so largely into the buttled of the seams be had an anurally expected to see the young man minimality of the seams be had an anurall

entirely through the right shoulds of the rat-faced man.

The revolver exploded harmlessly in the air, and the seaman crumpled up with a scream of pain and terror.

Clayton turned and rushed back to-ward the scene. The sations stood in a

(Continued.)

a Own Kind.

HO the deuce is Tarzan?"

cried the satior who had before spoken.

"He evidently speaks English," said the young Chayton about 1.

English," said the young "What's to be done, Miss Porter? T

"He evidently speaks English," said the young man.

"But what does Tarzan of the Apes' mean?" cried the girl.

"I do not know, Miss Porter," replied the young man, "unless we have discovered a runaway similan from the London Zoo who has brought back a European education to his jungle home. What do you make of it, Prof. Porter." he added, turning to the old man. Prof. Archimedes Q. Porter adjusted his spectacles.

"Ah, yes, indeed; yes, indeed—most remarkable, most remarkable; I can add nothing further to what I have al-

prowhere St. Louis Times.